THE OBSERVER.

.....

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

.....

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, January* 31, 1806. *No.* 5.

For the Observer.

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF

BENJAMIN BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

No. V.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is lovely
Envenoms her that bears it ! SHAKSPERE.

My first emotions upon seeing the last number of the Observer were those of pleasure, when I found myself *unexpectedly* honored by an address apparently from the pen of a female. I must confess, I am far from being ashamed to acknowledge the satisfaction I experience from the favours of the fair. On the contrary, while I listen to the delusive whispers of flattery, I am proud to believe myself capable of the most exalted sentiments of esteem and admiration towards that sex, which, we are told, was only wanted, to complete the felicity of Paradise. When "the clouds shed flowers," it was woman only who was deemed worthy to repose upon their softness and taste of their delicious odours.

In those sad hours, when bitter memory reminds him of the days of gladness in which every breeze wafted felicity on its pinions, Hope, in the form of woman, often visits the couch of the afflicted sufferer, and speaks, in her melodious accents, of the vernal seasons of delight and joy : or when conscience has awakened despair from her slumbers, the gentle gales of repentance, fanned by a female voice, drives I sorrow from his brow and inspires his bosom with peace. Such is the power of women... They mitigate the poignancy of pain, assuage the tears of grief, and irradiate the countenance with the smiles of content and joy. How insensible then, must he be to the dictates of gratitude, the best feeling of a generous mind, who would wantonly inflict a wound upon the breast that beams with benignity and love.

In the spirit of that gallantry which has so conspicuously distinguished my ancestor, I would cheerfully reply to my fair correspondent in the language of assent and in the guise of courtesy, I would examine her intention with charity and aid it with the zeal of an ancient cavalier.

of intelligence. By it, we are enabled to avail ourselves of the experience of others, and learn to avoid the errors into which they have fallen, and to adopt that line of conduct which led them to pre-eminence.

Without the light of history, each generation might be engaged in making the same experiments which had failed in the hands of some of their predecessors,as the schemes which presented a deceptious plausibility to one age, would probably be seen in the same light by succeeding ages, and thus induce a constant repetition of the same useless and unproductive trials. Without the assistance of history, we should never be able to form just opinions of men, even those of our own age we know but slightly; perfect and rigid justice is never done to eminent living characters; their friends lavish on them unlimited eulogy, while from the pens of their personal enemies and rivals in literature and the arts, there frequently flows an incessant stream of bitterness and unjust censure.

History corrects the unreasonable attachment to our own country and manners, which absurd partiality will, I believe, be universally found to exist in uncultivated minds. It also cures us of unreasonable and unfounded prejudices against foreign nations, their religions and manners; it teaches us that human nature is every where and at all times very much the same; that a difference of circumstances has given different tones to the same nation at different periods, and that a similarity of circumstances has produced in different nations a perfect coincidence of character; that many of them who have great vices, palliate their enormity, by displaying also great virtues.

History enables us to judge correctly of the advantages and disadvantages of ancient and modern times, and of the different states of society. It points out the tendencies and comparative value of the different forms of government. If our own possesses any advantages over others, it teaches us duly to appreciate them, and thus enlists us in its support...But if we find on an attentive examination, that we do not possess an eligible form of government, then it becomes our duty to forward, in proportion to our influence, its amelioration. The science of government is indeed to be obtained from no other source than history. All the finely wrought theories and plans of government which have originated with Aristotle, Plato, Moore and Harington, have been found impracticable, and are now viewed only as beautiful and brilliant specimens of the splendid talents of their authors.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EARL MANSFIELD.

Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand,
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

(Concluded from p. 57.)

Another instance, at least, of great personal courage, was the unpopular maxim that he struggled to introduce into common acceptation respecting the incapacity of juries to determine in cases of libel further than the fact of publication. This doctrine excited a general perturbation without, and an extensive execration within doors; a doctrine which divided the opinions of men, who were apt, on *all other* occasions, to coincide with his lordship, and to take his word with as ready currency as the coin of the kingdom.

As a speaker in the house of lords, where was his competitor? The grace of his action, the fire and vivacity of his looks, are still present to imagination: and the harmony of his voice, yet vibrates in the ear of those who have been accustomed to listen to him.

His lordship possessed the strongest powers of discrimination,...his language was elegant and perspicuous, arranged with the happiest method, and applied with the utmost extent of human ingenuity. His images were often bold, and always just; but the character of his eloquence is that of being flowing, soft, delightful and affecting. His genius, says a modern writer, is comprehensive and penetrating, and when he judges it necessary, he pours forth sounds the most seductive, equally calculated to persuade and to convince. Among his more rare qualifications (says he), may be added the external graces of his person, the piercing eye, the fine-toned voice and harmonious elocution, and that happy arrangement which possesses all the accuracy and elegance of the most laboured compositions. He was modest and unassuming; never descending to personal altercation, or replying to personal reflections. He preserved his own dignity, and that of the house over which he had very deservedly, for a great number of years, an uncontrolled and almost unlimited influence.

His lordship quitting the profession, by abdicating his seat, upon the Bench, of which he had been thirty years an illustrious ornament, exhibited a very affecting and awful scene. We see the children of eloquence taking a last farewel of their parent. He retired full of glory; the rays of which lend a lustre to the shade of his retreat, and beam forth their splendour round him. His relinquishment of office, forms an important epoch in

the annals of English jurisprudence. This great and superior person, the rare endowments of whose mind have so long and so deservedly sustained him in the seat of the chief of the criminal justice of England, has seen his popularity survive even the rude attacks of Junius, and bloom anew in the evening of his life.... We now view him, like the great luminary of the world, gently descending to the west, with all his magnitude, but without his effulgence, diffusing a mild and delightful influence, in exchange for the lustre of his pristine radiance. The laurel is yet alive upon his venerable brow, but must be very soon transplanted from his temple to his tomb.

It is now generally understood, that new courts of justice, and a house of Parliament are about being erected, in lieu of that venerable pile which has been the pride of so many ages. This looks like the effect of sympathy, as if the old hall mourned his absence, and, unable to survive the loss of so much eloquence and virtue, immediately drooped and decayed on removal of its greatest ornament.

Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
More silent far, where kings and poets lie;
Where MURRAY, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than TULLY or than HYDE.

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 59.)

His resistance to the intrigues of the bishop's proctor, in the college of St. Catharine, was the means of procuring him a very cold reception when he applied for ordination; and his correspondence with Voltaire, to whom he continued to transmit his prize poems, confirmed in him that growing disinclination to the clerical profession which had begun with his escape from the seduction of the Jesuits. He hesitated a good while upon the choice of life which he was now to make;...the career of a man of letters at Paris...the bar at Thoulouse, or the vocation of a teacher at Limoges, all presented themselves to him successively, with different attractions of security and splendour, and, in the end, he found it necessary to consult his mother. In his last journey to the place of his nativity, he found this beloved parent in a state of visible decay, and, after receiving from her the most affectionate and tender advices, left her with the sad presentiment, that they were to meet no more upon earth. There is nothing more amiable or exemplary in the whole character of Marmontel, than the sincere and tender affection with which he seems always to have regarded his mother; and it is impossible to read, without respect and emotion, the melancholy reflections which preyed upon his heart, as he now took a last farewell of her.

"Yet a little while and she will be no longer mine, this mother who, from my birth, has breathed only for me, this adored mother whose displeasure I feared as that of heaven, and, if I dare say it, yet more than heaven itself;" for I thought of her much oftener than of God; and when I had some temptation to subdue, or some passion to repress, it was always my mother that I fancied present. "What would she say, if she knew what passes in me! What would be her confusion, what would be her grief!" Such were the reflections that I opposed to myself; and my reason then resumed its empire, seconded by nature, who always did what she pleased with my heart." Those who, like me, have known this tender filial love, need not be told what was the sadness and despondency of my soul. Yet I still held by a frail hope; a hope too dear to be wholly relinquished until the last moment." Vol. I. 180.

On his return to Thoulouse, he received a note from Voltaire, pressing him to come immediately to Paris, and adding, that M. Orri the comptroller-general of finance had undertaken to provide for him. This at once decided his choice; and, in the year 1745, with six guineas in his pocket, he set out for the metropolis.

Hitherto the life of Marmontel has been that of a simple and industrious scholar, aiming, by modest diligence, at an humble independence, and only ambitious of distinction for the sake of the gratification which his parents and benefactors would derive from his successes. From the moment of his arrival in Paris, it assumes a very different character...he was plunged, almost from the beginning, into all the bustle and intrigue of literary circles, and into all the glare and dissipation of fashionable society: instead of rural walks with the virgins of his native village and consultations with his mother, and discussions with curates and schoolmasters, he has intrigues with actresses and cast-off mistresses,...dinners of artists,...revels with the *intendans des menus plaisirs*,...rehearsals, coteries, jealousies, and perpetual anxieties. It is to the excitements of this turbulent scene, no doubt, that we are indebted for his most pleasing performances; but we cannot help fancying that he made a bad exchange for his own comfort and tranquillity, and think we see, in this history, a new instance of the wide difference there is between literary fame and individual happiness. From the tone of the first part of these memoirs, we think it easy to perceive that the author looked back with regret upon the simple and innocent pleasures of his youthful obscurity, & that he often repented of the ambition which had led him so far away from the scenes of his purest enjoyments. As he proceeds in his narrative, however, he kindles with the increasing animation of the subject, and we soon cease to hear of the regrets and recollections which attended the retrospect of his childhood. We do not consider the history of

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M Marmontel's life at Paris, either as edifying, or very interesting in any other point of view, but as the events of it form a sort of index or introduction to some amusing anecdotes and characters, it is necessary to run them over at the outset.

(To be continued.)

For the Observer.

" Who steals my purse, steals trash,
Tis something, nothing !.....
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed !"

I know nothing so fatal or so destructive of that gratification which a mixture of society should conduce to afford, as the too frequent introduction of *scandal*. A generous mind, entering into life, cannot, in the observations incessantly made upon an individual quitting a room, be assailed by other feelings than those of commiseration, pity or disgust. It must be obvious that an indulgence in this vicious propensity (for certainly it does not merit a less harsh name) is degrading to human nature. It involves all that can be stigmatized with *Hypocrisy*—every thing that is degrading...all that has a tendency to corrupt, annihilate and destroy....*principle, sensibility* and *social happiness*.—I fear it cannot be said to originate in ignorance ; as the best informed are equally liable to the imputation with the *vain* and *frivolous*....Arrogance, it is true, will too often lend a helping hand, whilst genius, shrinking at the task of correction, observes a timid silence. When this is the case, candour demands the confession, she becomes prostrate at the shrine of meanness. In reflecting upon this subject, I have been induced to believe the primary and chief causes are pride and envy. Each such detestable properties, that the English language scarcely produces a word sufficiently strong to mark our reprobation of them.... Folly and ignorance will occasionally become sharers in the group, but humanity leads me to draw a veil over them, and shed a tear of pity upon their possessors.

Let me ask if true dignity of character is to be obtained by an attempt to vilify others. Are we without spot or blemish ? Are we invulnerable to censure ? Is it honourable to act the assassin, and stab in the dark ? Far be it from me to believe an individual so base as to reply in the affirmative. I have said, and I fear too truly, *pride* or *envy* will supply the solution of the question.

Let the possessor of either reflect seriously upon their meanness....How little have we to be proud of...if *talents* are the spring, surely they ought to teach humility. A man properly appreciating his own attainments, will, on review, find them of little worth unless they can be made influential in the amelioration of the happines of others. Admitting *wealth* to be the he-

rald of consequence...what contempt does the base suggestion excite? The purse-proud man is, of all others the most despicable...Even the envious man has apologies which the other cannot resort to; and the common consent of the world stigmatizes this character as sufficiently baleful and odious. It corrodes and cankers vitality...but enough has been said...Let me warn the young to shun this quicksand of errors. Let them recollect; they in their turn become the subject of animadversion, which the most transcendant merit cannot elude...let them cease to drive on the rock of baseness.

I would more seriously implore the more aged, to reflect on the tendency of their conduct...It involves the prostration of the dignity of human nature....Confidence is the cement of society. This fence once broken, repair is uncertain...In the words of an estimablewriter on *virtue*, he judiciously says, "*Lose this and all is lost.*"

ANASTASIA.

For the Observer.

POLITICAL.

CRIMINATION OF ALL THE POWERS OF EUROPE.....CONTINUED.

No. II.

SPAIN.

The wavering conduct of Great Britain with the legitimate party of France, altho' hitherto so unfortunate for all the powers of Europe, has not at least been a positive indiscretion, as far as regarded her reasons of State. France and England must necessarily have been eternally rivals and enemies. England wished to avail herself of this conjuncture which appeared to her a favourable opportunity, of weakening and perhaps destroying this rival. It is true that to accomplish this end, she sacrificed every principle of justice: but it is not MEN to whom she is responsible for this...because their ambition and their corruption have consecrated machiavelism in the public code; and if any now complain of this machiavelism, it is that it has not efficaciously served their passions and their perfidy, or because they would themselves exclusively enjoy its fruits.

But that Spain, governed by BOURBONS,and to whom the fall of this house gave every thing to dread; that Spain should have debased and degraded herself in the manner she has done, during the last fourteen years, in forming an alliance with the sworn enemies of her name, of the principles of her government, and of all *thrones*; that since this period she has made no brave effort to emancipate herself from this shameful slavery; this is a phenomenon indeed worthy of our age!

The present abject state of Spain is sufficiently known. I

shall adduce only two or three facts anterior to the present period, to shew what she has gained by temporising with people destitute of moderation, of morals, and whose infamous and atrocious characters are established by proofs the most notorious and incontestible.

An ever memorable epocha in the French revolution, that is, in the history of the age, is the day so well known under the name of the 13*th Vendemaire, year* 4, which at the conclusion of the combat that took place in Paris between the national guard and the terrorists, saw Buonaparte who commanded the latter, superior officer, and immediately after, the husband of Madame Beauharnois and General in Chief of the army of Italy.

It ought to be remembered that the occasion of this combat, was the determination which all France evinced, after the fall of Robespierre, to avail themselves of their *Constitutional* right to elect and return new representatives, in lieu of those *Conventionnels* who had assassinated the royal family, proscribed or murdered a vast number of citizens, and plundered the public property.

The unfortunate result of this combat, giving every reason to dread that Robespierre had but too worthy successors, the alarm became general and several departments took up arms. The Royalists and Vendeans rallied, and in the south Languedoc amongst the rest, assembled a body of 20,000 insurgents. At their head was *M. de Paolo*; the son of a President at the Parliament of Thoulouse. This young man was totally inexperienced : he suffered his association to be beaten and dispersed; every one now thought of returning home, or of escaping, and some hundreds of those who got away took refuge in Spain.

But who will believe it ? A captain general of the four Spanish provinces on the frontiers, had them arrested, and sent them bound hand and foot, accompanied with this remarkable epistle to the republican general *Fregeville*, who commanded in this military division of France.

"Citizen General,

"I send you 300 Royalist Rascals who have been taken on "the territory of *his Catholic Majesty*...I send you also the arms "and horses of these rascals, &c. &c.

"I entreat you, citizen general, to accept the assurance of "my perfect esteem and the high consideration with which I "have the honour to be, &c. &c."

Unfortunately I cannot recollect the name of this noble Castilian!.....but the public papers of France of that period, have preserved it.

It was a captain general of a *Bourbon* who delivered the soldiers of a Bourbon to the Directory to be shot. It was a *Soldier* who had the infamy to insult these unfortunate beings, many of whom not long before, had served in the Spanish army as auxi-

fiaries; in short it was a Spanish gentleman, who pushed the contempt of himself and his master to such a point, as to recognise that those whom he called rascals were only Royalists.

It is known to the whole world that Spain has never ceased to yield subsidies and assistance against the party of the French Princes and the coalesced powers: and the whole world knows also with what impolitic baseness Spain has aided the oppression of Portugal, who *alone* has held her rank with all the courage and the dignity, which the force of circumstances has permitted her to exercise, in her weak and insulated state.

I shall not speak of the alacrity with which Spain has acknowledged all the forms which the French government has thought proper to assume; all the titles that Buonaparte has arrogated to himself; this is beneath consideration...But I feel it incumbent on me to set forth the invariable conduct of this *government* and its *agents*, which of course is the same thing.

In the month of September 1804, a Royalist officer, who was a state prisoner in France, at the fort of Bellegarde (on the frontier of Roussillon) accomplished his escape and fled into Catalonia. The French gens d'armes, pursued him even with dogs for 25 days, through all this province of Spain, entering sword in hand, even into Figuiero, a strong place in Spain, and the key to Catalonia. And on this occasion the Governor of the Port of Roses, gave his word to the *citizen gens d'armes*, that on *the honor of a gentleman*, if the fugitive came within his jurisdiction, he should be delivered to them bound hand and foot, to be sent into France.....that is to say, to be murdered.

Enquire of the planters of St. Domingo, what was the conduct of the Spaniards, in the affair of Fort Dauphin, in July 1794?

They will tell you that a considerable number of their countrymen, serving with the Spanish troops in the colony, and *Jean Francois* generalissimo of the negroes, having forced Fort Dauphin, the Spaniards remained inactive spectators of the expedition of Jean Francois, and suffered 700 colonists who served with them to be massacred under their eyes; that they not only suffered them to be massacred without firing a gun in their defence, but the unfortunate whites, who dismayed and pursued by the negroes, fled to their garrison in search of an assylum, were repulsed at the *point of the bayonet*.

They will tell you still further, that the priest *Vasquez* (a mulatto it is true) had given benediction to Jean Francois before he had begun the massacre of which we have just spoken, and that in *recompense* of so execrable an action, this wretch was promoted to the dignity of Canon at the Havanna.

They will tell you more, that *Spanish captains delivered up* whites to the negroes for the consideration of a portugaize ($8) a head.

But enough of Spain; and without doubt the government who could tolerate such deeds, who could be capable of such conduct, has well merited the opprobrium which already covers it, and the deplorable fate which hovers over it, and by which it will doubtless speedily be overwhelmed..... M. A.

The article of Austria in the next number.

A LADY's TOILET READINGS.

There is one degree of generosity, (of charity I would have called it) which seems to have some shew of merit, and that is where from a principle of benevolence, and christian love, we bestow upon another what we really want ourselves; where in order to lessen the distresses of another, we condescend to share some part of them, by giving whatever our necessities cannot well spare. This is, I think meritorious; but to relieve our brethren only with our superfluities; to be charitable (I must use the word) rather at the expence of our coffers than ourselves; to save several families from misery rather than hang up an extraordinary picture in our houses, or gratify any other idle, ridiculous vanity, this seems to be only being human creatures.... Nay, I will venture to go farther, it is being in some degree epicures: for what could the greatest epicure wish rather than to eat with many mouths instead of one; which I think may be predicated of any one who knows that the bread of many is owing to his largesses.

As to the apprehension of bestowing bounty on such as may hereafter prove unworthy objects, because many have proved such; sure it can never deter a good man from generosity: nor do I think a few or many examples of ingratitude can justify a man's hardening his heart against the distresses of his fellow creatures: nor do I believe it can ever have such effect, on a truly benevolent mind. Nothing less than a persuasion of universal depravity can lock up the charity of a good man; and this persuasion I think must lead him either into atheism, or enthusiasm: but surely it is unfair to argue such universal depravity from a few vicious individuals; nor was this, I believe, ever done by any man, who upon searching his own mind found one certain exception to the general rule.

" While thus he speaks the gushing sorrows rise,
And trickle from the fair one's weeping eyes,
Like vernal skies, her lovely visage shew'd,
When gentle showers descending from a cloud,
Frequent and soft the sun, with cheering gleams
Darts thro' the watery vale his trembling beams:
As then in foliage wet with glistening dews,
Sweet Philomel her plaintive note renews;
So Cupid in her grief reviv'd appears
And bathes his plumage in her pearly tears.

His golden shaft he kindles in the flame,
That from her piercing eyes like light'ning came,
And tempers in the chrystal stream that flows
Betwixt the lily fair and blushing rose.
His arrow now prepar'd the bow he bends,
And at th' ungarded youth the weapon sends,
For whose defence no arms could here avail,
Nor plaited shield nor double coat of mail :
While rapt in gaze he stands, he feels the dart,
He knows not how, infix'd into his heart."

In the regulations for an assembly at the court of Petersburgh, the following remarkable article is found :

"And it is further ordered that ladies shall not get drunk upon any pretence whatever,nor gentlemen before nine o'clock."

TO *READERS* AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is an act of justice in the first place due to Benjamin Bickerstaff, Esqr. to declare in the *most solemn manner*, that the letter addressed to him under the signature of TABITHA SIMPLE, and published in the OBSERVER of last Saturday, was inserted without his knowledge, and that in common with every subscriber to the Observer, he saw it only on the day on which the number was generally issued.

Its insertion without the previous approbation of Mr. Bickerstaff, may possibly require apology ; but the Editor, conscious of the *innocence* of her intentions, and persuaded as she *still is*, that the letter of Tabitha Simple contained *nothing* that in the eye of impartiality could be deemed reprehensible, and further, as the press stood still for a number which in this unfortunate epistle was supplied, she ventured without hesitation to commit it to the hands of the printer.

But alas ! hapless Tabitha, little didst thon think of the storm thou wouldst thereby bring upon thy luckless head. *Susceptible* dames and *conscious* damsels took the alarm, and their faithful knights, armed with all the fury that injuries offered to their fair dulcineas could inspire, resolved to avenge the dire affront. However to be serious.....Our correspondent Tabitha is prevented, by imperious circumstances, from appearing at present in her own defence ; but we having fully informed her of the wars she has kindled, she has deputed us to take up her cause, and therefore her vindication devolves upon ourselves.

To begin with the first character depicted in this redoubtable epistle,———"who if contented with what nature had done for her, would have been *grace and captivation personified.*"——And can the little maiden to whom this personification has given so much umbrage, suppose for one instant that it could be drawn for her ? How self-love blinds ! If *any* individual

glanced into the mind of Tabitha, when she penned this epistle, it was one, to whom compared the pretty offended trifler would be as a twinkling star to a resplendant sun.....This female, adorned with all that could charm in woman, possessing at once those qualities of the head and heart, which fix esteem, and rivet the chains of love, was in her first bloom of life spoiled by the adulation of men, and for a time her merits were obscured by excessive vanity and affectation. She lived to resume the captivating and estimable qualities with which nature had endued her, but not alas! until the vanity which had misled, had marked her for its *victim*. The cold and silent grave, is now the sad receptacle of this once lovely creature, and she whom, had education directed aright, and the sustaining hand of wisdom guided, would yet have been the delight of our social circles; now sacrificed at this shrine, lives only in the memory of a few, who in despite of her *transient follies*, knew, and loved her worth. With such an example as this indelibly impressed on her mind...and seeing daily the countless number of young persons who are infected with this error, would the editor of this work, fulfil the duty she has undertaken towards the public, if she did not adopt every method that imagination could suggest, to combat this still encreasing evil!

Mr. Bickerstaff may be assured, that Tabitha Simple, had certainly no intention of "wounding *(unprovoked)* the feelings of this lovely, amiable, and unoffending female."...If ever this little personage fixed the attention of Mistress Tabitha for a moment, it was to regret that any thing so *pretty* should be so insipid. it was a sentiment of pity only that could arise in her mind, to see that she was not in *wiser hands*, who might at least endeavour to give her some character, that when the beauty that now graces her cheek, has yielded to the influence of time, and AFFECTATION ceases with the hope of conquest, something valuable might supply its place, to render her agreeable to herself, and useful to society. But in a moment of *serious occupation* this dimpled fair, could never recur to her recollection; she has admired her only as she would the bright colours and velvet wing of a beautiful butterfly, which when once vanished from her sight, she forgets that such an insect, forms a chain in the creation.

Report has informed Tabitha Simple, that two young ladies, with whom her acquaintance is slight, but whom the little she has seen of them induces her to wish a more intimate knowledge, have by some strange illusion, some momentary *egarement* of their usual good sense, appropriated two of the personifications to themselves...in the name of mistress Tabitha, we assure them that nothing was more distant from her thoughts.

To adopt the admirable words of Mr. Bickerstaff in his third number, "We shall endeavour to hold a true mirror up to na-
" ture, nor lose the glory of the race for the *apple of gold*. If virtue

" be applauded, let every virtuous man believe that his merit is " observed; and when folly is ridiculed, let every fool feel his " own insignificance. But when the voice of reprobation is " raised in the high places against vice, let her shrink abashed " and hide her diminished head. Let " the galled jade wince" " but let no man presume to apply the speculation of a literary " miscellany to his neighbour."

And now, on the part of Mistress Tabitha...She informs all true and valiant 'squires, cavaliers and knights, who may be disposed to arm in defence of this injured and transcendent virgin, that she hopes to find a champion prepared to break a lance with them in the cause; but that in default of any such gallant personage presenting himself to the rencounter, she will cause windmills to be erected with all possible speed and expedition, that these doughty heroes, may not lose the occasion of gathering the laurels of immortal renown, which their prowess merits, and that the name of this illustrious dame, may be handed down to future ages, and cherished by generations of females yet unborn, as having revived the age of chivalry, and thus erected a bulwark of defence for all distressed and helpless damsels.

SELECTED POETRY.

Though some of our readers may have seen the following admirable Song, we yet think its republication here will be acceptable to all.

WIVES, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

BY MR. SPENCER, SON TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

When the black letter'd list to the God's was presented,
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends)
At the long string of ills a kind angel relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings—Wife, Children and Friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's fall, he maintain'd was defeated,
For earth becomes Heaven, with—Wife, Children and Friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The funds ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—Wife, Children and Friends.

Tho' valor still glows in his life's waning embers,
The death wounded tar, who his color defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers,
How blest was his home with—Wife, Children and Friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy day with—Wife, Children and Friends.

The spice breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And round him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks, of the woodbines that cover,
The bower where he sat with—Wife, Children and Friends.

The day spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on i self for enjoyment depends;
But dim is the twilight of age, if it borrow,
No warmth from the smiles of—Wife, Children and Friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish,
The laurels which o'er her dead favourite bends,
O'er him wave the willow which only can flourish,
When dew'd with the tears of—Wife, Children and Friends.

Let us drink; for my song growing graver and graver,
The subject too solemn insensibly tends,
Let us drink; pledge me high; love and beauty will flavor,
The glass which I fill to—Wife, Children and Friends.

And if, in the hope this fair island to plunder,
The tyrant of France to invade us pretends,
How his legions will shrink, when our freemen shall thunder,
The war song of Britons—Wife, Children and Friends.

THE SEASONS.

When nature clads the flowery lea,
And all is young and sweet like thee,
Say, wilt thou share those joys with me,
And wilt thou me my deary O?

Lassy, with the lint white locks,
Artless lassy—bonny lassy!
Wilt thou with me, tend my flocks—
Wilt thou be my deary O?

When the pleasant summer showers,
Cheer all the little drooping flowers,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bowers,
At sultry noon, my deary O?

When Cynthia lights the silver ray,
And weary shearers homeward weigh;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk of love, my deary O?

And when the wint'ry howling blast,
Disturbs my lassy's midnight rest;
I'll fold thee to my faithful breast,
And comfort thee, my deary O?

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.

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